THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO VI.

SWEARING.

Though the practice of profane swearing has ever been reprobated by all good men; though it is expressly prohibited by the laws of earth, and forbidden by those of heaven, yet has it continued to the reproach of human nature, with undiminished frequency and authority.

Let us bestow a moment's attention on this subject, and we shall find that it is one of the most impious, as well as the most absurd practices that men are addicted to.

Swearing is made use of either when the mind is convulsed by some powerful passion, or when it is perfectly at ease, undisturbed by external objects, or the recollection of past events. Those two conditions of the mind seem also to mark a variety of character in the persons swearing. Of the former we find persons addicted to this vice incidentally, who, perhaps, would tremble at an oath on an ordinary occasion. The latter belongs to those who, on all occasions, both trivial and important, are in the habit of uttering such oaths as shock the nerves and excite the detestation of christians.

Both are vices that dishonor mankind. They are, moreover, sinful in themselves, and in their consequences destructive of that spark of vitality, which, in spite of the changes of matter, must live forever. Unfortunately, the practice of swearing is cherished and kept alive by persons of the highest standing in our country: the example furnishes an almost irresistible temptation to the imitative vulgar; and hence the frequency and generality of this pernicious custom.

If men of respectability and influence would conceive a disgust to this abominable practice, we might hope in a little time to see it abandoned by all men of decency and good sense, to the exclusive use of blackguard-lacquies, and grooms. I have known instances where fashions of dress have been relinquished by the genteel and polite, merely because they had been adopted by the vulgar: and yet, astonishing to believe, they willingly prostrate their dignity, and tarnish their respectability, by stooping to the habitual use of oaths that are blown about on all occasions by the lowest and meanest of mankind. Reprove a man for swearing, and he will immediately undertake its defence. Oppose to his flimsy apologies the invincible arguments suggested by truth and reason, and he will shelter himself under the prevalence of this custom, and the power of habit. Recommend to him the advice of Hamlet to his mother—

> "Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
> That monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat,
> Of habits evil, is angel yet in this;
> That to the use of actions fair and good
> He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
> That aptly is put on: refrain to night;
> And that shall lend a kind of easiness
> To the next abstinence: the next, more easy;
> For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
> And master e'en the devil, or throw him out
> With wondrous potency."

and if he be not an incorrigible monster, he must spurn from him this odious vice that properly belongs to no one, but entirely unfit for him who has any pretensions to the character of a gentleman.

TRUTH.

Delaware, Feb. 11, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

POEMS OF CATHARINE L——.

NO. II.

REPENTANCE.

When recollection bids the tear
Of deep contrition flow,
Unfolds the secret source of guilt,
And points to future woe;

When all the load of sin appears,
By retrospection's smart,
When reason adds to nature's fears,
And conscience wings the dart;

Ah! what avails the gaudy glare
Of Fortune's partial day?
Or what th' applause of worldly fame,
That's guided by her ray?

Oh, when I'm hast'ning to the goal,
Where, stripp'd of all disguise,
My soul appears her guilt to own,
Before the great assize:

Can the vain breath of worldly praise
My boding terrors calm,
Extract the sting of death, or give
A wounded bosom balm?

Ah! no, there's no relief for sin,
But in a Saviour's name;
To him I fly, and strive to bring
A heart o'erwhelm'd with shame.

Oh, then receive my contrite sighs!
Pronounce my sins forgiven!
O thou! who suffer'd for my soul,
Receive that soul to heaven!

NO. III.

INVOCATION TO THE DEITY.

Saviour of sinners! hear thy creature's pray'r!
And soothe a mind oppress'd with every care!
Oh, let thy word sustain my bleeding breast,
And calm the tumults of my soul to rest.
May I, submissive, kiss the chastening rod,
And, though in agonies, adore my God:
When the world frowns, when woe on woe succeeds,
When folly triumphs and when virtue bleeds,
Let not my soul despond; but, fix'd on thee,
Pursue the prize of blest eternity.
Firm to that view, may I superior rise
To all the ills of life, and claim the skies!
O, may the gall that to my God was given,
Vanquish the world, and raise my soul to heaven;
And when death waves o'er me his potent wand,
O may I join the great celestial band;
To all eternity to sing thy praise,
And rival angels in seraphic lays!

NO. IV.

DIVINE PEACE.

When thro' the clouds of deep distress
A sun-beam darts its ray,
How soon my soul expands, to bless
The radiance of the day.

Hope, long dismiss'd, extends her wing,
And flutters o'er my breast;
Bursts thro' the clouds of gathering ills,
And points my views to rest.

Yet shall that heart, once dead to joy,
Engage in fruitless cares?
In vain pursuits that life employ
Whose morning rose in tears?

Oh! what avails, if misery now
My transient prospects fade,
If rosé-buds wither on my brow,
And life's a constant shade!

Soon, soon will every hope and fear
Be cold within my breast,
The friendly glow, the anxious care,
Alike be lull'd to rest.

Then welcome every threaten'd woe
That this frail form can dread;
Still may the tear of anguish flow,
And thorns surround my head!

Still let my heart responsive beat,
To Sorrow's plaintive strain.
Possess the hapless art, from sweet
To cull the latent pain.

Nor comfortless the tear shall flow,
Nor fruitless visions rise:
Religion sheds a healing balm,
And wafts them to the skies!

For the Evening Fire-side.

Written in the Spring of 1805.—To S— S—, on her departure to a summer retreat—*Mount Celibacy.*

If we pluck from the but of the rose
The worm on its sweets that would prey,
It soon will, unfolding, disclose
All its fragrance and charms to the day.

So the morning of life if we tend,
For the ills that assail it, abound,
True wisdom with age will expand,
And the autumn with honor be crown'd.

The spring now invites thy return,
Its incense is borne on the air;
It has charms that thy mind can discern,
And in which thou delightest to share.

May it ever afford thee delight,
When the season its wonders displays,
New beauties disclose to thy sight,
Till the lamp of existence decays.

May the sun of thy morning be clear,
May the eve of thy days be serene,
May the moon in full splendor appear,
And no cloud of distress intervene.

ALBERT.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Among the conspicuous benefactors of mankind, should, in my opinion, be ranked the man who, by his penetration and industry, has succeeded in introducing into his native country the more valuable productions of another. How much does Ireland, and indeed the whole civilized world, owe to Sir Walter Raleigh, for having introduced the *Potatoe* plant? How important to the agricultural interest, has been the introduction of the *Red Clover* plant in America? Not to insist upon that of other capital foreign grasses, particularly the *Poa Pratensis*, or common *Green Grass.*

Time was, when the cultivation of *Rice* and *Cotton* was unknown in our southern states; and in other respects, what wonderful revolutions have happened in favor of the New World, from naturalizing the borrowed productions of other regions of the globe, few are ignorant. It was a problem at first, whether the *Sugar Cane* would thrive in the American climates. *Tobacco*, an indigenal plant of America, has been cultivated in almost all the different climates of the world. Very important benefits, doubtless, remain to be conferred on the different nations of mankind, by a more universal dissemination of the more valuable native plants of each favored clime. Not only the Irish, but the *Sweet Potatoe*, is a plant of incalculable utility, but with which perhaps but few, comparatively speaking, of the nations of the globe, are familiarized to any thing near the practicable extent. The *Bread Tree* has been sought for, with the view of propagation in the West Indies; and among the beneficial tendencies of commerce, *that* is not the least, that it brings distant nations to an acquaintance with each other's more valuable natural productions.

Whilst, therefore, we are agreed that much advantage has already arisen to mankind from this intercommunication, shall we say that no more in this way can be done? Time does wonders; and we are every day coming to the knowledge of something new and useful in the vegetable kingdom, not only in respect to plants heretofore entirely exotic, but in the knowledge of the hidden properties of very common plants. Is not the application of the *Sugar Maple* to the purposes of fabricating a sugar therefrom, a new thing? And to how many who are acquainted with the *turnip* and *carrot*, is the property that they possess, of becoming very important auxiliaries, in the farmer's provender department, if not entirely unknown, yet is but imperfectly known.

Since *tea* has become a necessary with us of immense consumption, shall we entirely despair of seeing the *tea plant* naturalized among us? What should hinder its growth here, to an equal degree of perfection as in its native China, but the sole want of its introduction? Perhaps no two so distant climates more nearly resemble each other, than do ours and that of China.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that scientific men will bend their attention towards this object, of confessedly such high national consequence. Botanical institutions must, in this respect, be highly serviceable; and it is a pleasure to see such institutions fostered and rising among us. It is to the patriot and virtuous, that we must look for aid in this department.

But it is a fact generally known, that the *tea plant* has been already actually imported into our country, by the successful and highly meritorious exertion of an inhabitant of Georgia, by the name of *Bowen*, and that it actually is growing even spontaneously in several of the gardens of Savannah! Of this we are assured by the respectable authority of the geographer Morse. If this be fact, why are we so unaccountably indolent, in respect to so interesting and inestimable a treasure? It is also said to be in the botanical gardens of Philadelphia.

T.

For the Evening Fire-side.

[The following beautiful lines were written by the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," on seeing the portrait of a deceased sister. We are informed they have never yet been presented to the public.]

STANZAS TO PAINTING.

Oh, thou, by whose expressing art,
Her perfect image nature sees,
In union with the graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please:

In whose creative hand, the hues
Stol'n from yon airy rain-bow, shine;
I bless thy Promethian muse,
An call thee fairest of the nine.

Possessing more than vocal power,
Persuasive more than poet's tongue,
Whose lineage in a raptur'd hour,
From Love, the sire of Nature, sprung.

Does Hope her high professions meet?
Is joy triumphant, sorrow flown?
Sweet is the trance the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

But ah! thou pulse of pleasure dead,
Slow, throbbing, cold, I feel thee part:
Love's absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy to light
On mem'ry's sad and wakeful eye,

Or banish from the noon of night
Her dreams of deepest agony:

Shall Song, its witching cadence roll,
Yea, now the tenderest air repeat,
That breath'd when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat.

What visions rise to charm, to melt,
The lost, the lov'd, the dead are near:
Oh! hush that strain too deeply felt:
Oh! cease that transport too severe.

But thou serenely silent art,
By heaven and love wast taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost of that possest,
For me thou sweet memorial shine,
While close and closer to my breast
I hold the idol all divine;

Or, gazing thro' luxurious tears,
Mild o'er the lov'd departed form,
Till life's cold bosom half appears,
With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks, she lives, this tranced hour,
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, genius, yes, thy mimic aid
A treasure to my soul has given,
Where beauty's canonized shade
Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
Thy soft'ning, sweet'ning tints restore,
For thou canst give us back the dead,
Ev'n in the loveliest look they wore.

Then blest be nature's guardian muse,
Whose hand her perish'd grace redeems,
Whose tablets of a thousand hues,
The mirror of creation seems.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Messieurs Editors,

The following pieces were written by a lady, at the advanced age of 85. They have never yet been published, and if you think them entitled to a place in your interesting miscellany, they are at your service.

LUCINDA.

Thoughts on seeing the procession in honor of General George Washington.

Beloved WASHINGTON, the brave and wise,
Beneath the turf his sacred relick lies,
On seraph's wings his spirit speeds its flight
From earthly darkness to celestial light.
Regardless now of all the honors paid,
By weeping nations to his hallow'd shade,
Amidst far brighter scenes the hero shines,
A sparkling diadem his brow entwines,
The rich reward for all his war-fare past,
In placid peace that will forever last.
Methinks I hear his whispering spirit say—
"Forbear the homage which to me you pay:
"When animation warm'd my manly frame
"I fought for freedom, not for airy fame;
"Suffice, the high regard already shown,
"Nor give to man what's due to God alone."

On perusing the Memoirs of Job Scott, an eminent Preacher among the Friends.

Rest, happy shade, thy conflicts are no more,
Thy painful labours and thy toils are o'er:
By love impress'd for thy dear master's cause,
His precepts follow'd and observ'd his laws—

'Go teach the nations round,' was his command,
'And preach my gospel in a foreign land:
'Thy steps I'll guide, my grace I will impart,
'And move thy lips to touch the sinner's heart.'

Thy ardent zeal the sacred charge obey'd,
Nor from the path of duty ever stray'd.
Thy friends and tender offspring left behind,
In full reliance to thy God consign'd:

Nor stormy seas, nor adverse winds controul
The settled purpose of thy pious soul.
Then fearless ventur'd o'er the raging main,
Ne'er to review thy native shore again.

When safely wafted to a distant clime,
Thy willing steps obey'd the voice divine:
Thy guardian angel led thee on the way,
By night a pillar and a cloud by day.

The Lord beheld thee with a tender eye,
Approv'd thy works and call'd thee to the sky.
In robes of light amidst the saints to shine,
A crown immortal is forever thine:

The lofty skies with loud Hosannahs sound,
Th' eternal hills reverberate around:
A saint arriv'd at the bright courts of heaven,
His joys complete and all his sins forgiven.

For the Evening Fire-side.

EPISTLE FROM ——, TO ——.

Health to my friend; may heaven unceasing shed
Its choicest blessings on his youthful head:
Full two long years in one dull round have pass'd,
From pleasing Bedford since I heard the last.

Whence this delay? but ah! I guess the cause;
'Tis love's soft charm, and powerful beauty draws
Thy thoughts away; for well, at beauty's smile,
Thou might'st forget an absent friend awhile.

This is the truth; I do not ask defence:
I know thy friendship, and forgive th' offence.
I hope she smiles, for well I know the care,
And painful hours neglected lovers share.

And can a nymph of Bedford's gentle train,
The gentlest, sure, that ever trod the plain,
The proffer'd hand of faithful love disdain?
In such soft bosoms can the spirit live
That joys to triumph in the pains they give?

Sweet Bedford, oft thy scenes I call to view,
And oft the moment when I bade adieu;
Tho' many a day on tedious wings has flown
Since thee I left, and sought the noisy town,

Where vice and folly hold alternate sway,
And care and languor wear my hours away.

Yet oft remembrance, kindly soothing power
Recalls the scene of many an happier hour;

The evening walk along the dusky green,
The social circle and the smile serene:
The nymph's soft charms, the aged's various worth,
All wake the sigh that pleases more than mirth.

May he, the chief, in length of years grown grey,
Still view with pleasure many a natal day,
His reverend head may dreams from heav'n compose,
With calm contentment and serene repose.

And he whose hospitality I prov'd,
Long may he live, respected and belov'd.
And she, with ev'ry gentle virtue fraught,
Whose friendly kindness ne'er shall leave my thought.

May every gift that gentle fortune pours,
Gild the calm current of their peaceful hours,
May heaven direct their steps remote from strife,
And smile serenely on their close of life;

And place approving in the realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs and her sons are blest.
What pleasing visions charm the hours of youth,
When fancy cheats us in the guise of truth.

In life's gay morn, when hope's amusive ray
Shines on the opening mind serenely gay:
When all is rapture, and no cares controul
The voice of reason in the youthful soul.

Hence, joys long lost in fancy oft we view,
A youthful picture yet 'tis pleasing too.
Each magic charm of Laura's smile divine,
Each modest virtue in her thoughts that shine—

These wake the soul to sentiments sincere;
O, could my verse that sentiment declare:
But far unequal to the generous strain,
It drops a theme it never can restrain.

May the sweet nymph be heaven's peculiar care,
And be as happy as her form is fair.
Methinks I view each absent friend again:
Tho' wide the distance, yet 'tis wide in vain.

In vain the mountains rise, the billows roll,
They ne'er can change the purpose of my soul.
Those finer feelings, to the world unknown,
Inspir'd by Bedford's calm delights alone:

Oh, were it mine these calm delights to share!
But fate, vindictive, disappoints my pray'r.
By hard necessity's command I stay,
Nor tempt the dangers of the wat'ry way,

While winter reigns around; but when the spring
Returns, with fragrance on the zephyr's wing,
To thee and Bedford's calm delights I'll haste,
And leave the town, true genuine joy to taste.

With wishes for thy health, to thee, my friend,
From Hudson's banks this careless verse I send.
Accept the wishes of a rhyming swain,
The meanest vot'ry of the muse's train.

In artless numbers flow these careless lays,
(Careless of censure, not unpleas'd with praise).
I write in verse, because in verse I find
I best can tell the feelings of my mind.

And oft the muse, with fond persuasive power,
Can steal from sorrow many a pleasing hour;

For on my youthful days misfortune frowns,*
And many a joy the stream of sorrow drowns;

And should my verse beguile one pensive sigh,
Or draw th' approving glance from friendship's eye,
I'll thank the muse that gave the tuneful strain,
To please my friend, and soothe my mental pain.

RAYMOND.

For the Evening Fire-side.

A RURAL TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

The damsel, now confus'd, began to fear
Her eggs would not be counted off that year;
For how to find the length of David's log,
Without some measure, was a heavy clog.
True, he had mention'd that the end or butt
Was just his standard from his head to foot.
But still she found it was no easy task
A silly question 'bout his height to ask.
Besides 'twould seem too curious and too bold,
Her thoughts in this dilemma to unfold.
The youth too felt, it seems, in aukward plight,
And, rising, bade her, formally, good night.
But as he gain'd the threshold of the door,
With earnest glance the fair one's eyes explore
His parting form, and saw it fill'd the space
Which light admitted to her dwelling place.
Then quickly drawing from her pocket-book
A little scale, the door post's height she took.

Thus having gain'd a point from whence to start,
With slate and pencil next she tries her art;
And having been to figures early train'd,
Within five minutes had her end obtain'd.
Not so her lover, who as wily trod on
Earth as eggs, and thought each stone the *odd one*.
With pebbles gather'd as he homeward went.
He fill'd each pocket, while his mind was bent,
With eager search, like miser at his casket,
To number all the eggs in Rachel's basket.
At home arriv'd, he roll'd his pebbles o'er
In pairs, and heaps of three, and five, and four;
Till 'bove an hour in fruitless labour past,
By chance he stumbled on the right at last.
Next morn he straight unto the mill repair'd;
The maiden with this answer was prepar'd:
"Your log that's one third buried, half immers'd,
"I freely own perplex'd me at the first;
"But like most riddles, with a little pains
"I soon discover'd what its length contains.
"Eighteen in water, twelve in mud, in air
"The butt of six, make *thirty-six feet* clear.
"And when you've told the eggs, why here's my hand,
"I'll bow submissive to your dread command."
She archly smil'd, as tho' the cause she'd gain,
Assur'd that figures did not suit his brain.
And hop'd to have an humble suiter still,
On whom she'd either frown or smile at will.
But who can paint the varied blushing tide
That mantled o'er her cheek as he replied:
"I'm pleas'd to find you calculate so well,
"And thus the number of your eggs I tell:
"Your basket holds exactly *twenty-five*,
"Even or odd, as sure as I'm alive.
"This hand I hold, nor shall a single one
"Delay my happiness till set of sun."

He spoke, and led her off, the knot was tied,
Which *even* join'd young David and his bride.

H.

* The writer unfortunately lost his hearing at the age of nine.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

Being interested with an account which I met with in a late review of the life of Malesherbes, that excellent man who defended the innocence of his king at the expence of his own life, I offer a few extracts for insertion in your paper if you think them worthy. I have wished to see a portion of the Evening Fire side more frequently filled with biographical memoirs. A faithful picture of the lives and manners of those good and great characters who have passed through life with honor to themselves and advantage to their country, is, perhaps, one of the best incitements to the practice of virtue.

ANONYMOUS.

"His mansion house was furnished in the most unostentatious style; for he found more pleasure in giving bread to an hundred poor persons, than in squandering immense sums on costly decorations. His place was laid out upon the principles of the old gothic manner: accordingly, people of *taste* advised him to throw all down, and rebuild upon a modern plan—but he had inherited the edifice; all his ancestors had lived in it, and he preserved it as a family piece; a sacred monument of his attachment and respect to his forefathers.

"His table was economically supplied, and his domestics few, although his annual expense was considerable; but his wealth was employed for the gratification and advantage of his dependants: canals carefully formed, meadows reclaimed, marshes drained, the roads in his neighborhood skilfully made, dykes opposed to the violence of the torrent, umbrageous walks and picturesque plantations, were the objects on which Malesherbes expended his income.

"To facilitate the communication with different parts of the country, he constructed several bridges of solid masonry: the traveller too, shared his benevolence; a shady walk near the high road protected him from the fervor of the sun; and for the repose of the humble foot-passenger, commodious benches were at hand, while a fountain of pure water flowed to appease his thirst. He also contrived means to lighten the fatigues of the weaker and more amiable sex; and built convenient sheds on the borders of the river, where the cares of domestic industry obliged the women of the village to remain exposed during the most rigorous seasons.

"Owing to this the inhabitants loved him as a parent; and under his influence every one enjoyed a degree of respectable ease; the children received instruction, the aged were held in honor; and the peasant who had cultivated his fields with most care, and managed his flocks or herds to the greatest advantage, obtained a premium, which gave birth to a virtuous emulation, and tended highly to the improvement of agriculture."

The following anecdote is related of him, after his dismissal from the ministry:

"On his way to Switzerland, he stopped in a little town of Alsace, and sat down at a "*table d' hote*" with a friar of the order of St. Francis, a village justice, and a knight of St. Lewis. The justice, who was a prodigious reader of newspapers, talked politics unmercifully. The affair of the parliaments, and the dismission of M. Turgot, were, at first, the subjects of conversation: at last, the military man, heated with the wine he had swallowed, opened loudly against the government; criticised with virulence all their operations, and accused the new ministers of imbecility, ignorance, and even of corruption.

"Malesherbes, who, till then, had allowed them to vapour without molestation, now took part in the debate: he explained, with great gentleness, to the *chevalier*, in what points his complaints were exaggerated; laid before him the difficulties and vexations experienced by persons bearing the burden of administration; and hinted to him, that before he condemned their conduct, it would be right to put himself for one moment in their place, and see if it were possible for them to act better than they did.

"The knight, unmoved by these sagacious observations, reprobated violently the dismissing of the late ministers—particularly M. De Malesherbes, the most virtuous, the wisest man in France.

"Malesherbes, embarrassed, did not immediately know how to reply: "Sir," said he, "are you acquainted with him?" "No—but in what I say, I am only the echo of the whole nation—and I maintain it—that great minister has been dismissed, only because he saw too clearly"—"Undeceive yourself, my dear Sir; if he withdrew, it was from a sense of his

own insufficiency." "Good heavens! and are you an enemy of that admirable man?"—"No, indeed I am not the enemy of Malesherbes; but I cannot endure to hear him praised above his merits."

"The reverend cordelier, who had been for half an hour fast asleep, was roused by the din of argument: "Are you not speaking," cried he, "of Malesherbes, that heretic, that profane one, who desired to overturn our holy religion, and substitute that of the protestants:" he is sent adrift, and so much the better!" The military gentleman, who had hitherto refrained with difficulty, here apostrophised to the holy man in very energetic terms; the justice in vain endeavored to restore peace; already was a bottle levelled at the friar's rosy face, when Malesherbes, willing to terminate the dispute, interposed: "Stop, gentlemen, there is one sure method of bringing you to an agreement; you are both equally mistaken: I am Malesherbes." At this name tranquility was re-established, and they all respectfully stood uncovered before him. He addressed them—

"You, chevalier, are in some degree wrong, to pronounce so heedlessly on subjects of moment; and to praise a man at the expence of those who are entitled to your esteem and veneration: I thank you, however, for the good opinion you have expressed of me: but reflect, that it is prudent to wait before you applaud a man in public station, until time shall have allowed you to form a judgment of his conduct. As for you, reverend father, you have been misinformed: fanaticism, that poison of the mind, has perverted my intentions; and I consider it a duty to vindicate myself to you. When I proposed restoring to the protestants their civil rights, I fulfilled a sacred obligation; and but anticipated a measure, which, sooner or later, must be adopted. Yet, far from designing the smallest injury to our holy religion, I have, on the contrary, done homage to its purity, by cherishing two of its chiefest qualities—toleration and the love of our neighbor.—Gentlemen, I wish you a pleasant journey." With these words, Malesherbes retired, and left his auditory confounded at what had passed."

Malesherbes rejoiced in the commencement of the revolution, though too old to bear a part. It is well known how nobly he came forward to defend the king.

"Obliged to go four times every day to the prison of the Temple, his extreme age did not allow him to walk, and he was compelled to take a carriage.

"One day, particularly, when the weather was very severe, he perceived, on coming out of the vehicle, that the driver was benumbed with cold. "My friend," said Malesherbes to him, in his naturally tender manner, "you must be penetrated by the cold, and I am really sorry to take you abroad in this bitter season."—"That's nothing, M. De Malesherbes; in such a case as this I'd travel to the world's end, without complaining."—"Yes, but your poor horses could not."—"Sir," replied the coachman, "*my horses think as I do.*"

The sequel of this history is too dreadful to be particularised: he and his children were cut off by the revolutionary tribunal.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

ON VIRTUE.

Translated from the French.

In all times, in all circumstances, we have a choice between good and evil: thus virtue may be continually in a state of action, and we may find the application of it in the most apparently indifferent relations of life; because virtue only has the privilege of connecting little things to a great object, and that it can only be encouraged by conscience, which, in accompanying all our actions and meditations, seems to augment our existence, and procure those satisfactions which are not known to the crowd, who do not act from principle.

It would seem, at the first glance, that the desires and caprices of the imagination cannot agree with any kind of restraint: however it is not less true that these trifling forerunners of the will have need of a guide, and often of a master; our first inclinations and sentiments are frequently uncertain, weak, and wavering: it is of consequence to our happiness, that this trembling stalk should be fixed and supported; and such is the service virtue renders to the human mind.

We see not any uniformity in the conduct of those who are not influenced by motives of duty; they have too many things to regulate, too many to decide about every instant, when *convenience* is their only guide; to simplify the management of ourselves, we should submit to the government of a principle, which may be easily applied to most of our deliberations.

In short, virtue has this great advantage, that it finds its happiness in a kind of respect for the rights and claims of the different members of the community, and that all its sentiments seem to unite themselves to the general harmony.

I represent virtue to myself as a just sentiment of order; far from banishing all other comforts, it leads to them; thus benevolence, and forbearance, which agree so well with human weakness; the social spirit so consistent with our nature; urbanity in discourse and manner, that amiable expression of a heart which seeks to unite itself with others; all these qualities, very far from being strangers to virtue, are its attendants, and brightest ornaments.

Virtue allies itself to all the ideas which can give extent to our mind; and early in life accustoms us to discern relations, and to sacrifice frequently our present affections to distant considerations: it is, of all our sentiments, that which carries us farthest out of ourselves.*

The silent expression of sorrow.

There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clamorous sorrow.

LEE'S THEODOCIUS.

A very amiable and much respected friend of mine, whose real name I shall conceal under that of *Wentworth*, had lately the misfortune of losing a wife, who was not only peculiarly beautiful, but whose soul was the mansion of every virtue, and of every elegant accomplishment. She was suddenly cut off in the flower of her age, after having lived twelve years with the best and most affectionate of husbands. A perfect similarity of temper and disposition, a kindred delicacy of taste and sentiment, had linked their hearts together in early youth, and each succeeding year seemed but to add new strength to their affection. Though possessed of an affluent fortune, they preferred the tranquility of the country to all the gay pleasures of the capital. In the cultivation of their estate, in cherishing the virtuous industry of its inhabitants, in ornamenting a beautiful seat, the society of one another, in the innocent prattle of their little children, and in the

* Translations are often injured by too confined an attention to the idiom of the original. What can be here meant by virtue, but an obedient conformity to that divine inward principle, a measure of which is afforded to all?

company of a few friends, Mr. *Wentworth* and his *Amelia* found every wish gratified, and their happiness complete.

My readers will judge, then, what must have been Mr. *Wentworth's* feelings, when *Amelia* was thus suddenly torn from him, in the very prime of her life, and in the midst of her felicity. I dreaded the effects of it upon a mind of his nice and delicate sensibility, and, receiving a letter from his brother, requesting me to come to them, I hasted thither, to endeavor, by my presence, to assuage his grief, and prevent those fatal consequences of which I was so apprehensive.

As I approached the house, the sight of all the well known scenes brought fresh into my mind the remembrance of *Amelia*; and I felt myself but ill qualified to act the part of a comfortor. When my carriage stopped at the gate, I trembled, and would have given the world to go back. A heart-felt sorrow sat on the countenance of every servant; and I walked into the house without a word being uttered. In the hall I was met by the old butler, who has grown grey-headed in the family, and he hastened to conduct me up stairs. As I walked up, I commanded firmness enough to say, "Well, William, how is Mr. Went-"worth?" The old man, turning about with a look that pierced my heart, said, "Oh, Sir, our excellent Lady!"—Here his grief overwhelmed him, and it was difficulty he was able to open to me the door of the apartment.

Mr. Wentworth ran and embraced me with the warmest affection; and, after a few moments, assumed a firmness, and even an ease, that surprised me. His brother, with a sister of Amelia's, and some other friends that were in the room, appeared more overpowered than my friend himself, who, by the fortitude of his behavior, seemed rather to moderate the grief of those around him, than to demand their compassion for himself. By his gentle and kind attentions, he seemed anxious to relieve their sorrow; and, by a sort of concerted tranquility, strove to prevent their discovering any symptoms of the bitter anguish that preyed upon his mind. His countenance was pale, and his eyes betrayed that his heart was ill at ease: but it was that silent and majestic sorrow which commands our reverence and our admiration.

Next morning, after breakfast, I chanced to take up a volume of Metastasio, that lay amongst other books upon the table; and, as I was turning over the leaves, a slip of paper, with something written on it, dropped upon the floor. Mr. Wentworth picked it up; and as he looked at it, I saw the tears start from his eyes, and, fetching a deep sigh, he uttered, in a low and broken voice, "*My poor Amelia!*"—It was the translation of a favorite passage which she had been attempting, but had left unfinished. As if uneasy lest I had perceived his emotion, he carelessly threw his arm over my shoulder, and reading aloud a few lines of the page which I held open in my hand, he went into some remarks on the poetry of that elegant author. Some time after, I observed him take up the book, and carefully replacing the slip of paper where it had been, put the volume in his pocket.

Mr. Wentworth proposed that we should walk out, and that he himself would accompany us. As we stepped through the hall, one of my friend's youngest boys came running up, and catching his papa's hand, cried out with joy, that "Mama's Rover was returned." This was a spaniel who had been the favorite of Amelia, and had followed her in all her walks; but after her death, had been sent to the house of a villager, to be out of the immediate sight of the family. Having somehow made its escape from thence, the dog had that morning found his way home; and as soon as he saw Mr. Wentworth, leaped upon him with an excess of fondness. I saw my friend's lips and cheeks quiver. He catched his little Frank in his arms; and, for a few moments, hid his face in his neck.

As we traversed his delightful grounds, many different scenes naturally recalled the remembrance of Amelia. My friend, indeed, in order to avoid some of her favorite walks, had conducted us an unusual road; but what corner could be found that did not bear the traces of her hand? Her elegant taste had marked the peculiar beauty of each different scene, and had brought it forth to view with such a happy delicacy of art, as to make it seem the work of nature alone. As we crossed certain paths in the woods, and passed by some rustic buildings, I could sometimes discern an emotion in my friend's countenance; but he instantly stifled it with a firmness and dignity that made me careful not to seem to observe it.

Towards night, Mr. Wentworth having stolen out of the room, his brother and I stepped out of a terrace behind the house. It was the dusk of the evening, the air was mild and serene, and the moon was rising in all her brightness from the cloud of the east. The fineness of the night made us extend our walk, and we strayed into a hollow valley, whose sides are covered with trees overhanging a brook that pours itself along over broken rocks. We approached a rustic grotto, placed in a sequestered corner, under a half-impending rock. My companion stopped. "This," said he, "was one of Amelia's walks, and that "grotto was her favorite evening retreat. "The last night she ever walked out, "and the very evening she caught that "fatal fever, I was with my brother and "her, while we sat and read to each oth-"er in that very place." While he spoke, we perceived a man steal out of the grotto, and, avoiding us, take his way by a path through a thicket of trees on the other side. "It is my brother," said young Wentworth; "he has been here "in his Amelia's favorite grove, indul-"ging that grief he so carefully conceals "from us."

We returned to the house, and found Mr. Wentworth with the rest of the company. He forced on some conversation, and even affected a degree of gentle pleasantry during the whole evening.

Such, in short, is the noble deportment of my friend, that, in place of finding it necessary to temper and moderate his grief, I must avoid seeming to perceive it, and dare scarcely appear even to think of the heavy calamity which has befallen him. I too well know what he feels; but the more I know this, the more does the dignity of his recollection and fortitude excite my admiration, and command my silent attention and respect.

How very different is this dignified and reserved sorrow, from that weak and teazing grief which disgusts, by its sighs, and tears, and clarmorous lamentations? How much does such noble fortitude of deportment call forth our regard and reverence? How much is a character in other respects estimable, degraded by a contrary demeanor? How much does the excessive, the importunate, and unmanly grief of *Cicero* diminish the very high respect we should otherwise entertain for the exalted character of that illustrious Roman?

Writers on practical morality have described and analyzed the passion of grief, and have pretended to prescribe remedies for restoring the mind to tranquility;

but, I believe, little benefit has been derived from any thing they have advised. To tell a person in grief, that time will relieve him, is truly applying no remedy; and to bid him reflect how many others there may be who are more wretched, is a very inefficacious one. The truth is, that the excess of this, as well as of other passions, must be prevented rather than cured. It must be obviated, by our attaining that evenness and equality of temper, which can arise only from an improved understanding an habitual intercourse with refined society. These will not, indeed, exempt us from the pangs of sorrow, but will enable us to bear them with a noble grace and propriety, and will render the presence of our friends (which is the only remedy) a very effectual cure.

This is well explained by a philosopher who is no less eloquent than he is profound. He justly observes that we naturally, on all occasions, endeavor to bring down our own passions to that pitch which those about us can correspond with. We view ourselves in the light in which we think they view us, and seek to suit our behavior to what we think their feelings can go along with. With an intimate friend, acquainted with every circumstance of our situation, we can, in some measure, give way to our grief, but are more calm than when by ourselves. Before a common acquaintance, we assume a greater sedateness. Before a mixed assembly, we affect a still more considerable degree of composure. Thus, by the company of our friends at first, and afterwards, by mingling with society, we come to suit our deportment to what we think they will approve of; we gradually abate the violence of our passion, and restore our mind to its wonted tranquility. [*Mirror.*]

ANECDOTE.

An honest tar hired a horse to carry him a few miles, but before he had gone many yards, he found he possessed the usual excellency of blindness, lameness, stumbling, &c. The sailor, however, (having been unshipped twice, with very little ceremony in the length of half a mile, by the creature's falling on its knees) hit upon a very whimsical mode of curing the impediment, which was by tying a large stone to the tail, and in that state rode it several miles, swearing "*shiver his timbers, but it was the only thing to prevent the ship's going too much ahead.*"

EPIGRAM.

Said *Delia* to a rev'rend Dean,
"What reason can be given
"Since marriage is a holy thing,
"That there is none in heav'n?"

"There are no women there," he said:—
She soon return'd the jest:
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
"They cannot find a priest."

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—*London, Dec.* 4.—The accounts received from the continent are of a more favourable nature than we had reason to suppose from the reports of the last week, founded upon the fraudulent misrepresentations of the enemy. It is true the French army has entered Vienna, but no separate peace is signed, or even thought of; nor has the gallant Charles perished, a victim either to chagrin or fatigue. We believe he lives still to avenge the injuries of his house, and of Europe, upon the enemies of all mankind. The following intelligence has been received by government:

The Austrian General Prince Aversperg, who was charged with the destruction of the bridges at Vienna, was deceived by information from the French General Murat, who calls himself a Prince (but who here shewed an infamous disregard of all a Prince's qualities,) that Preliminaries of peace had been signed between the two powers. This treachery prevented the destruction of the bridges, and the French corps passed without opposition.

General Kutusow, continued a successful retreat to Olmutz, in which the Russians completely acted up to their reputation.—There was hard and continual fighting, particularly at Krems, where a corps of 10,000 French were entirely defeated, losing 6000 in killed and wounded, a General, and 1000 prisoners, with some cannon; a piece of gallantry which instantly conferred upon Kutusow the order of Maria Theresa. In the course of the retreat also Prince Bracation shewed himself worthy of his master Suwarrow. He was surrounded, and cut off with a corps of 5000 men, by an immense superiority of numbers, but cut his way through them all, and effected a junction with General Kutusow, bringing with him 50 prisoners, (among whom a Colonel) and two standards. The Russians then concentrated their force at Olmutz, where Kutusow was joined by General Buxhoven, at the head of 36,000 men, and the Archduke Constantine, with 11,000 more, were daily expected. A general battle was looked for, on which much will depend. Both the Emperor of Germany and Russia were at Olmutz.

December 18.—In our paper of yesterday we announced the arrival of dispatches from Sir Arthur Paget, the British ambassador to the emperor of Germany, containing accounts of a general engagement between the French and the allied army; and also accounts from other quarters, relative to the same affair. In the afternoon the following official notice was circulated:

Bulletin.—"Government received accounts lastnight, dated at Olmutz, the 3d, by which it appears that a general battle took place on the 2d between the French and Austrio-Russian armies at Wischau. The centre of the latter seems to have met with great resistance, and to have been repulsed; but the left wing of the enemy were defeated with considerable loss, by the right wing of the allies, under the command of the princes Lichtenstein and Pangration. The emperor Alexander commanded his troops in person, and displayed the utmost bravery.

"The conflict seems to have been of the most obstinate kind, and to have been sustained by the allies in the most exemplary manner. The loss of the French was immense. The messenger who brought this intelligence left Olmutz twenty-four hours after the battle, and relates that, at that time, the losses of the enemy were reported to be much more considerable than those of the allies, who still maintained their position at Wischau.

"Accounts have been this day received at the admiralty which left Hamburgh two days later than the messenger, who arrived from Sir A. Paget. These accounts state, that several skurmishes took place between the allied armies and the French from the 29th November to the 2d inst. when they came to a general action, in which the French lost 27,000 men and all their artillery. That the French retreated—that Bonaparte was wounded—that he had proposed an armistice, which was rejected.

"That the Prussians, to the amount of 140,000 men, were in motion—That the king of Prussia had himself taken the command of one army, and the duke of Brunswick of another."

The accounts that have been made public, though deficient in detail, confirm this important fact, that the allies remained masters of the field of battle. The centre of the allied army was defeated, but so was the left wing of the enemy. Even a drawn battle may under the present circumstance of the contending armies, be considered as a victory obtained by the allies; for a few such battles would entirely ruin the French army.

The emperor Alexander was missing for about six hours during the action, and no little apprehension was entertained for his safety. He was at length found fighting among that part of the troops which in the end was worsted by the French centre. It was with much difficulty he was persuaded to retire to a quarter where he would be exposed to less personal danger.

The accounts received at the admiralty were tranſmitted by admiral Hollowby, who ſtated that a lieutenant of the Adamant was on ſhore at Cuxhaven on Saturday laſt, where accounts had been received from Hamburg two days later than the time Mr. Kay, the meſſenger, paſſed through that city, ſtating that the battle had been entirely in favour of the allies, that Bonaparte had been ſeverely wounded in the right arm, and it was thought would be obliged to ſuffer amputation. The commander of the Piercer gun veſſel, arrived from the Ems, gives an account of what he had heard ſimilar to the above. All accounts, however, agree, that the battle was fought on both ſides with the greateſt obſtinacy, and chiefly with the bayonet. The carnage was immenſe.

The number of our allies is ſtated at 70,000; though the accounts of the numbers, in letters from various parts of Moravia, before the battle, ſay they were 90,000. The number of Bonaparte's army is ſtated at 80,000; and ſome reports ſay that nearly 27,000 fell on each ſide, while others make that of the allies only 15,000.

It is probable that this battle will ſoon be followed by another, and it may fairly be inferred from the French attempting nothing for two days, that they had ſuffered very ſeverely, and were not in a condition to riſk a freſh attack. That there would be another dreadful engagement before Bonaparte was ſubdued is manifeſt. We may be allowed, however, to indulge the moſt ſanguine hopes of ſucceſs The Pruſſians may be now expected to be ſoon at the field of action. When Mr. Kay paſſed through Berlin, news of this battle had been received there. A council of ſtate had been held, and the Pruſſian army, 140,000 ſtrong, had actually begun its march into Bohemia.

From all that is yet known of the battle of the 2d, it is probable that the French, as well as the allies, will claim the victory. Indeed we think they have already done ſo, for to no other circumſtance can we aſcribe certain rejoicings which took place in Holland within theſe few days. A gentleman who left Camphere on Tueſday laſt ſtates "that great rejoicings had taken place there, in conſequence of a victory gained by the French, in Germany—but although he enquired the particulars of the ſucceſs from ſeveral perſons, no one could give him any account; the French commandant could not tell, or at leaſt appeared to be ignorant what was the cauſe of the rejoicing."

Letters from France, of a late date, received laſt night, alſo ſtate that Bonaparte claims a decided victory in the battle of the 2d inſt. His bulletin ſays, that the Ruſſians were defeated with immenſe ſlaughter, and that 6000 priſoners, and 18 pieces of cannon, fell into the hands of the French. Bonaparte's retreat is repreſented as temporary, for the purpoſe of concentrating his forces, who are acknowledged in theſe letters to have ſuffered conſiderably; three French generals are ſaid to have been killed, ſix wounded, and three miſſing. The Ruſſians are allowed to have fought with great courage and intrepidity, and the emperor Alexander is ſtated to have had two horſes killed under him in the action. Bonaparte is ſaid to have been ſlightly wounded, and to have had one horſe killed under him, and two aids-de camp killed by his ſide. The private letters alſo ſtate, that the country people broke down all the bridges, to prevent or impede the retreat of the French, who, in return, had laid waſte the country for ſeveral leagues round. A column of 16,000 Ruſſians is ſtated, in the ſame accounts, to have joined the grand army on the 5th inſt.; a fact which, in the preſent ſituation of affairs, muſt be deemed of conſiderable importance.

Eaſtern Manuſcripts.—The moſt valuable collection of Eaſtern Manuſcripts ever brought to Europe by any individual, is ſaid to be that of Majour Ouſely, which arrived by the late Bengal fleet. Beſides Arabic, Perſian, and Sancrit books (amounting in number to nearly fifteen hundred), there are ſeveral port folios of immenſe ſize, containing many theological paintings of the moſt ancient kind, ſplendidly illuminated, and procured at a great expenſe from all parts of Hindoſtan, Tibet, Tartary, China, Ceplon, Ava, &c. with idols of ſtone, metal, wood, and other materials. Many of the volumes are filled with botanical paintings, executed in the moſt accurate manner; vaſt collections of natural hiſtory and mineralogy; original views and drawing taken on the ſpot in the various parts of India, with a cabinet of the moſt rare medals, gems, and other antiquities. A complety ſeries of the coins ſtruck by Mahometan Princes, ſince the reign of Timour, with the armour, horſe furniture, ſwords, ſpears, bows, arrows, and all the weapons uſed in Perſia, India, and other countries of the Eaſt; with various muſical inſtruments, and ſeveral hundred tunes ſet to muſic by Major Guſelly, from the voice of Perſian Caſhmerian, and Indian ſingers.

The Lords of the Treaſury, excepted this valuable collection from the uſual duties; and their example was followed by the gentlemen of the Cuſtom-Houſe and India Houſe, through whoſe hands it paſſed. His ſituation at the court of an Aſiatic prince, as Aid du camp to the Nabob of Oude, and commander of his body guard, gave Major Ouſeley ſuch advantages in forming this collection, as few Europeans have enjoyed.

Domestic.—A letter, from Waſhington ſtates, that government has received diſpatches from Mr. Monroe, dated in London; Nov. 24, in which he mentions that he expected to ſettle every thing amicably with the Britiſh government. [*Bronson.*]

Married—On the evening of the 11th inſt. by the Right Reverend Biſhop White, Capt. *John Meany*, to Miſs *Mary Dowers*, daughter of Mr. John Dowers, of this city.

On the 6th inſt. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. *Alexander W. Walker*, of Burmingham, England, to Miſs *Heſter Montgomery*, of this city.

On the 6th inſt. by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. *Samuel Fox*, to Miſs *Maria Moylan*, daughter of General Moylan, all of this city.

At Newtown, on the 30th ult. by *Richard M. Cooper*, Eſq. Mr. William Dawson, to Miſs Eliza Jennings, daughter of Mr. Reuben Jennings, all of Glouceſter county, New-Jerſey.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The ironical eſſay of Chaubert in ſheepſkin, is well intended, but is rather deficient in literary merit.

1. R. will pleaſe recollect that the vociferations of the watchman are generally *unwelcome* ſounds to *Fire-ſide circles*.

In th' anonymous rhimes
About courtiers' chrimes,
Et cetera too tedious to mention,
There's too much bad ſpelling,
And 't ſcarcely needs telling
They are not of *recent* invention.

Thanks to Lucian, for his complimental epiſtle—but as "it would be difficult for gentlemen of *our* capacities to pleaſe all," we hope he will not be offended at an introduction to the pigeon hole.

We ſhould be pleaſed with the future receipt of ſelections by Junius, as that with which he has favoured us evinces a judicious taſte—but a peruſal of the Engliſh Reader will correct his miſtake in ſuppoſing it has never been publiſhed.

Sob, is inexplicable.

Fudge is too *prolix* for inſertion.

The ſubject of Antoninus' eſſay has already been ſufficiently canvaſſed to render it no longer intereſting—we have a favourable opinion of his literary talents, and ſhould be pleaſed with his future correſpondence.

Our curious friend Bob Hovit
Has made a *ſtrange* job of it.

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